



CHAOS!
COMICS

#3 (of 12)

JUNE 2000

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PENDULUM

WARNING
EXPLICIT
CONTENT

Psychopathic Records™

ICP

THE

PENDULUM

#3 (of 12)

WICKED SLUM LORDS

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THE DARK CARNIVAL APPROACHES

J and Shaggy race back to Jesus' church realizing that Jesus is probably in trouble, but an evil spell keeps them out. They call upon the Ringmaster for help. Meanwhile, Jesus is fighting off demons in his church. The priest does pretty well, but is almost defeated. The Ringmaster makes an explosive entrance, dispatches the demons and destroys the church. Luckily, Jesus is saved. Exhausted, J and Shaggy hole up in a hotel room and party hearty to unwind. After a crazy night of debauchery, they lay passed out in the room. The two are totally unconscious of the fact that a highly-trained police death cadre is right outside their door. Prepare for the entrance of ... THE STRESS SQUAD!

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THIS'LL
BE EASY.
LET'S
JAM.

CLEAR.

MR.
GRAY, WE HAVE
CONFIRMATION
ON THE OP-4.
PERMISSION TO
PROCEED WITH THE
EXTERMINATION.

NEGATIVE.
WE DON'T WANT
TO TAKE ANY
CHANCES WITH
THESE BOYS. GO
TO PHASE
TWO.

PREPARE
THE EXPLOSIVES
AND WAIT FOR MY
COMMAND.



DON'T
YA JUST
LOVE THIS
JOB!

I THINK
YOU ENJOY
IT TOO MUCH.
STAY
FOCUSED.

YESSIR.

FOR ALL
THE PATHETIC
LOSERS OUT THERE,
WHO **REALLY** DON'T
KNOW WHAT IT MEANS
TO PARTY... FOR ALL
THOSE MASHED POTATOES
WHO SIT ON THE COUCH
WHEN THEY **COULD**
BE OUT WITH THEIR
BUDDIES HIGH-FIVE-N
AT THE FOOTBALL
GAME...

ZZZZZZ



FOR ALL THOSE BURN-
OUTS NEEDING A LITTLE
EXTRA PUSH TO GET
INTO THE SPIRIT OF
LIFE... THERE'S LIFE
BEER!

ZZZZ
SORK!
HUH?



OH,
FUCK...

FOR
ALL THOSE
NERDS AND
GEEKS OUT THERE,
IT'S TIME TO GET
A LIFE... DRINK
LIFE BEER!



YOU'VE
NEVER HAD
SMOOTH LIQUID
PLEASURE LIKE
THIS!

AHHH!
FUCKIN'
A!



ARE
YOU HAVING
PROBLEMS WITH
PESKY ASSASSINS
CRAWLING
AROUND YOUR
HOME?

ARE
PROFESSIONAL
KILLERS RUINING
YOUR DAY BY
CONSTANTLY TRYING
TO **END** YOUR LIFE!



NO? WELL, YOU BETTER
THINK AGAIN! THEY COULD BE
RIGHT OUTSIDE YOUR ROOM
PLACING **EXPLOSIVES**,
EVEN AS WE
SPEAK!

ONE
CAN NEVER
BE TOO
CAUTIOUS!

HOWARD
TERN
4-
PREZ!



IF YOU'RE EXPERIENCING PROBLEMS LIKE THIS, YOU **NEED** TO CALL US RIGHT AWAY!

THAT'S "ASSASSINS-B-GONE" AT 734-480-3910! CALL NOW BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE.



HEY NUMBNUTS! WE'RE TALKING TO YOU DOPEY! AND YOU, J!



YAAAAH!

WAKE THE FUCK UP!

WHAT-THE-FUCK!

HELLOOO! IT'S US -- JACK AND JAKE. WHAT DOES SOMEONE GOTTA DO AROUND HERE, DROP A PIANO ON YOUR HEADS TO GET YOUR ATTENTION?

YOU GOT TROUBLE GUYS, RIGHT OUTSIDE YOUR DOOR. THERE'S SOME...



NAAAH! WAIT A MINUTE. THEY DON'T WANT OUR HELP. EVERY TIME THEY GET IN TROUBLE, WHO DO THEY CALL? MILENKO! OR THE RIDDLEBOX! OR THE RINGMASTER!



EVERYBODY BUT YOURS TRULY, JACK AND JAKE JECKEL! WHAT? AREN'T WE GOOD ENOUGH FOR YA?



DON'T WORRY ABOUT HIM!

LISTEN, WE'RE NOT SUPPOSED TO BE DOING THIS, BUT WHY DON'T YOU GO AHEAD AND CALL US SO WE CAN PULL YOUR ASSES OUT OF THE FIRE, SO TO SPEAK.

OOOOF!



I'M PICKING UP SOMETHING STRANGE. I HEAR OTHER VOICES.

I DON'T THINK THEY'RE ALONE!



DETONATE NOW. I REPEAT NOW. FALL BACK TO MY POSITION. WE ARE OUT OF HERE.

SILO, JOHNNY -- SET EXPLOSIVES FOR 15 SECONDS. HUCK, PREPARE FOR REPEL.



JAKE, YA CHUMP! I OUGHTA SLAP THE SHIT OUTTA YOU! IF WE WEREN'T BROTHERS, I'D...

HEY, FLAME FACE! YOU MIND TELLING US WHAT'S GOING ON?

THERE ARE SOME MEN, **PROFESSIONAL KILLERS**, RIGHT OUTSIDE YOUR DOOR. YOU MUST LEAVE HERE AT ONCE.

I'M AFRAID THE PEANUT IS RIGHT. IN ANOTHER COUPLE SECONDS, THIS WHOLE PLACE IS GONNA BE **TOAST**.

FUCK THAT, NINJA. NOT IF I HAVE ANYTHING TO DO WITH IT!



THERE'S NO TIME FOR THAT! HOLD ON!



BOO YAAAHH!

WHOOO!

EEEEEEK!

CRACK
CRASH!

EEEEEEEEEE!

WE'LL
GET OFF
HERE.

NOT
YET.

BAADDDOOM

CRASH!



THO OOM

TINKLE



BOOM



FWOO
WHOOOSH



FWOOOSH

YOU
KNOW THE
FUCK WHAT,
SHAGGS?



CHAOS!
69

I'M A
LITTLE TOO
FAT TO BE
DOIN' ALL THIS
RUNNING...

IT'S
TIME TO START
ADMINISTERING
SOME BEAT
DOWNS... WICKED
CLOWN
STYLE.



IN MEMORY OF
HUGHES



A SHORT WHILE LATER...

WHY WE CHILLIN', J? I THOUGHT WE HAD SOME NECKS TO CHOP.

BECAUSE, NINJA. WE GOT TO SEE WHOSE HEAD IS ON THE CHOPPING BLOCK FIRST.

GIVE IT TIME AND THE ONES WHO DID THIS WILL BE BACK. THEY GOT TO MAKE SURE WE'RE DEAD.

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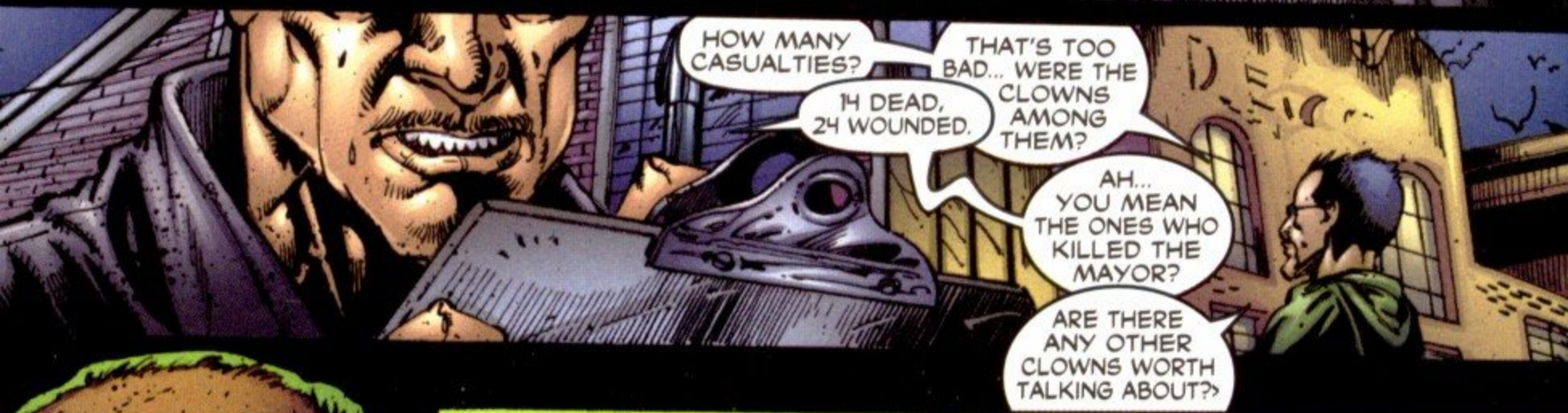
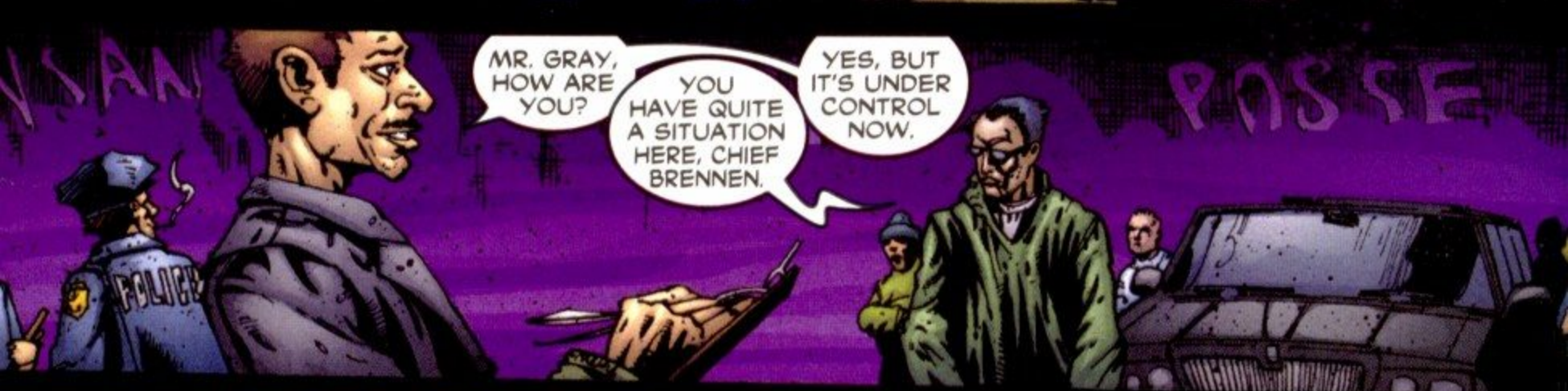
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A comic book panel featuring a man with a red mohawk and a grey jacket with a red arrow on the back. He is crouching on a stone wall, pointing at a small object on the ground. A speech bubble says "YO! WATCH THIS!". The background is a yellowish sky.

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WHO
THE FUCK
ARE THEM
NAZIS?



I DUNNO,
BUT I'M GONNA
SHOVE THEIR
SWASTIKAS
UP THEIR
SPHINCTERS.

SHIT!
WHY'S HE
LOOKIN' UP
HERE?

DAMN,
DOG! DARTH-
FUCKIN'
VADER!

YEAH, WELL,
HE'S GONNA
BE DEAD-VADER
SOON, SHAGGS. I'LL
SLAP THEM KOOL
MODEE SHADES
OFF HIS BITCH
ASS HEAD.



THAT EVENING, AT
THE CHIEF'S HOUSE...

YOU IMPOTENT SHIT!
HOW DARE YOU
ACCUSE ME OF LYING
AROUND ALL DAY?
I TOLD YOU I GOT A
MIGRAINE! YOU DON'T
KNOW HOW IT
FEELS.

YEAH,
YEAH, YEAH!
I DON'T CARE
HOW YOU DO IT...
WHEN I COME HOME
I EXPECT THE HOUSE
TO BE CLEAN AND MY
DINNER PREPARED!
GOT THAT, YA
FAT BITCH!





CRASH



HOW AM I SUPPOSED TO KNOW WHEN YOU ARE COMING HOME, OR IF YOU WILL COME HOME AT ALL!

ALWAYS SAYING YOU GOT A SPECIAL CASE AND YOU GOTTA WORK LATE! MY ASS YOU DO! DON'T THINK THAT I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU BEEN UP TO!



I GOT EYES! I CAN SMELL THE PUSSY! YOU AIN'T NOTHING BUT THE VERY BOTTOM FILTH LIKE THE CRIMINALS YOU SAY YOU BRING TO JUSTICE, YA ASSHOLE! I HATE YOU!



SLAP



SMACK

SLAP



SOB!



WHAT
UP, PUNK-
ASS
BITCH!

YA
SURE TAKE IT
A LONG WAY TO
GIVE YOUR WIFE
THAT EXTRA
LOVIN' CARE.





THE POLICE ARE...

SLAM!

...EEK!

WE CAME TO ASK YOU ABOUT THE MEN IN THE BLACK TRUCK YOU WERE TALKING TO EARLIER TODAY.

I REALLY LIKE TO STAB PEOPLE, SO TELL ME WHAT I WANT TO KNOW.

ANY-THING! J-UST DON'T HURT ME AGAIN.

WHO ARE THEY?

T-THEY'RE CALLED THE STRESS TEAM, LED BY SOMEONE WHO CALLS HIMSELF MR. GRAY. THEY WORK INDIRECTLY FOR OUR POLICE DEPARTMENT, BUT WHAT THEY DO AND HOW THEY OPERATE IS UNKNOWN TO ME.

WHO SENT THEM AFTER US?

I DON'T KNOW. L-LIKE I SAID, THEY DON'T TAKE ORDERS FROM ME.



HEY PIGGY! IT'S TIME TO PLAY THE PIGGY GAME!

THIS LITTLE PIGGY WENT TO THE MARKET, THIS LITTLE PIGGY STAYED HOME...

ALL RIGHT! ALL RIGHT! I'LL TELL YOU!

HIS NAME IS KILLNOR. HE SENT THE STRESS TEAM TO ME ABOUT SIX MONTHS AGO. THEY'RE BLOODTHIRSTY KILLERS, EVERY ONE OF THEM AND THEY SCARE THE SHIT OUT OF ME.

KILLNOR SAID HE WAS SENDING THEM TO ME TO REDUCE OUR CRIME RATE, BUT WHAT THEY DID WAS START A FUCKING WAR IN THE STREETS! THE CRIME RATE IS HIGHER THAN EVER BEFORE.

THERE'S NOTHING I CAN DO. THEY'LL DISPOSE OF ME IF I INTERFERE.

WHERE CAN WE FIND YOUR MELLOW?

WHO?

YOUR BOY... KILLNOR.

SOMEWHERE IN ARIZONA. I'M NOT SURE WHERE, EXACTLY. WHEN I WANT TO SPEAK TO KILLNOR, I CALL MR. GRAY.

WHERE CAN WE FIND THIS GRAY BITCH?

I HAVE A SPECIAL NUMBER. I CAN WRITE IT DOWN FOR YOU... IF YOU WANT.

DO IT.

HUH?

GET THE FUCK AWAY FROM THE WINDOW.

OOOH...



ZPHZZT

NO NEED TO GO TO THE PARTY, SHAGGY. THE PARTY CAME TO US!

SHIT! THIS AIN'T THE KINDA PARTY I LIKE DOG!

BUDDA
BUDDA
BUDDA
BUDDA
CRASH
TINKLE

CRASH
TINKLE

BA BOOM

IT AIN'T A PARTY WITHOUT ANY BITCHES!

THERE'S PLENTY OF BITCHES OUTSIDE, JUST NOT THE SOFT, CUDDLY KIND.



IT'S JUST
AS YOU SAID,
MR. GRAY -- USE
THE CHIEF AS
BAIT AND REEL
'EM IN.

BUDDA BUDDA BUDDA BUDDA
THOOM THOOM



MOVE
INTO FINAL
POSITIONS.
PREPARE FOR
CLEAN
SWEEP!



EEEE-
HAAAAA!
WHO'S READY
FOR A GOOD
OL' FUCKIN'
CHICKEN NECK
HOEDOWN?

STRAIGHT!
AND WHO'S
READY TO GET
A BOOT
UP THEIR ASS
SOUTHWEST
STYLE?

KERR SMASH



HOW
'BOUT YOU,
BITCH
BOY?

VROOOOM



FOOOO!

YOU
READY TO
GET DOWN
WITH THE
CLOWNZ?

SHING



HUH!
UGH!

CHING
CHING

HO! HO!
C'MON BITCH!
BRING THAT
SHIT!

YO, YOU
HAVING FUN
JOHNNY?

SWISH
SWISH

CHING
CHING



'CAUSE
I GOT
YOUR
BACK!

**BUDDA BUDDA BUDDA
BUDDA BUDDA BUDDA**



MR.
GRAY!
LOOKS LIKE
WE'VE GOT
COMPANY!

REPORT
YOUR
POSITIONS,
PEOPLE! TALK
TO ME!

VROOOOM

TAKE
CARE OF IT,
SILO.



Continued in ICP: The Pendulum#4: Killers in the Mist!